



Eden Soriano Trinidad is being labelled with "a Global iconic high esteemed personality hails from the Philippines. She is the Prime Minister of the Birland State the newly emerging country in the African Continent.

"A poet and academican described her as a notable torch bearer of Peace and Humanity, The replica of poetic soul and a true beauty of social network." She is officially recognized as an author, writer translator by the National Book Development Board of the Philippines (NBDB).

She is the Founder of World Birland Poets WBP- Poetry Group of a New Country Birland State in African Continent. International Conference Affairs Advisor of the Federation of World Culture & Arts Society-FOWCAAS based in Singapore. Founder of Unity World Peace Poets (UNWPP) registered in the Philippines. President of Chinese Spring Poetry Festival -Philippine Branch.

Her poems have been published on numerous International literary publications:

"Hyperpoem"- Theme: International Cooperation and Friendship- Canadian company Ukiyoto. Anthology - Serbia 2021World Poets. Atunis Galaxy Anthology – 2019-2020- 2021- 2022-2023. International Writers Journal USA- published from 1st to last Quarter of 2021.

Kelaino Literary Magazine in Greece - published from 1st -last Quarter of 2021. Azahar Revista Poetica- published from January to December 2021. The Silk Road Literature Anthology 2022 Arabian Nights: World Poems. "Književni pregled" Literary magazine from Belgrade-2021.

Poetry Collection Jiu Zhou Literature and Art Publishing House. Huang Ya Zhou Poetry Development Foundation Literary Magazine 2021. The 1st Jin Yan'an Culture and Art Festival 2021.Published Several times on the web of Chinese literature in China, HK, Singapore. Read Carpet Magazine, Imagine and Poesia- Italy. Her love poems are featured on the full page in Haiphong weekend newspaper, Vietnam Nhat Le Vietnam literary magazine and the Văn Nghệ Newspaper which belongs to the Vietnamese Writers' Association spent a large -scale page for her poems.

Literary Poets/Awards/Recognition

Nominated for Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2022 – **Italy**. Winner 2022 8th Chinese Poetry Spring Festival- **Beijing**. Nominee for the 7th Awards of Chinese Literature Magazine held at Longyan City -19th December 2021, **China**. Poetry Star- Poetry Collection- Jiuzhou Literature & Art Publishing House- **China**. Winner at the 1st Zheng Xin International Poets Award former poem "Let's Hug Them in Our Prayers (A Prayer for The Little Afghans)" **China**.Award from Associazione Culturale GLI AMICI DI GUIDO GOZZANO- **Italy**. Power Poet Award at the 1st Jin Yan'an .



Sultan Muhammad Razzak is born in 1959 at Pabna district of Bangladesh. He is a successful cultural Think Tank and advocate for introducing cultural convention in Bangladesh and active voice in the contemporary cultural movement of world. Sultan Muhammad Razzak obtained Masters in Bengali Literature from the University of Dhaka (Bangladesh). Among his achievements are also two Doctorate degrees –another one is Development through Mass Media. He completed professional degree "UNESCO Expert Leader (d' Animador UNESCO)" from UNESCO Eskola, Spain and completed course on ICT in Education from UNESCO Thailand. He is pioneer to introduce online newsletter KRISHTI KATHA (Talking about Culture) in 1997,

He was also produced 18 video documentations for different international and national organizations. He has conducted more than 40 researches, one of the most remarkable among them was on observing the culture and tribal lifestyle of Chittagong Hill Tract (CHT). He also conducted observing study case on sexual behavior in the both side of cross border regions of Bangladesh and India. He faced an open audience during a 141 questions session on Cultural investment issues in the World Cultural Forum – Barcelona (2004). He was involved as the member of International Association of University Presidents (IAUP), Steering Committee member of INCAD, Advisor of World Culture Open (WCO) along with several organizations in Bangladesh. He achieved national international awards and acclamation creative cultural activist and academican. He is a playwright, director, poet, lyric writer, actors and translator. As a researcher he presented papers in different conferences and Universities. * Publications: Plays: Behula, Goigeramer pala, Plolonath Company, Afer, Manikjor, Shironamhin, Kalapani, Lilibanur Shongshar, Sobar upore manush shatya, Jonogoner pala, Fossil and Baut. * Poems: Rubayat e Sultan (6 volumes contain 3000 quatrain), Bidarshan, Manabi ebong bikeli ful, Alik Bidarshan, Swapno kalpadrum * Translations: Poems of Edger Elan PoE(1809-1849), Samuel Coleridge(1772-1834), Percy Bysshe Shelly(1792-1822), George Gordon Byron

*Eden Soriano Trinidad
Sultan Muhammad Razzak*

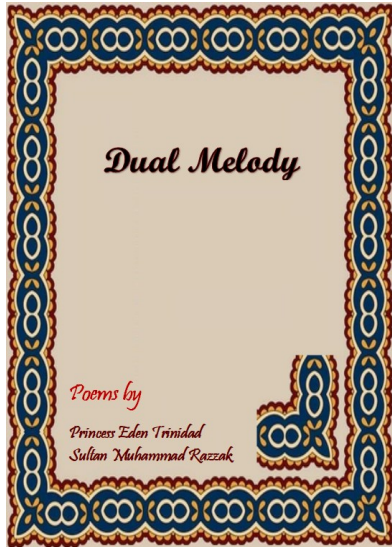
Dual Melody

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Poems by

Eden Soriano Trinidad

Sultan Muhammad Razzak



Dual Melody

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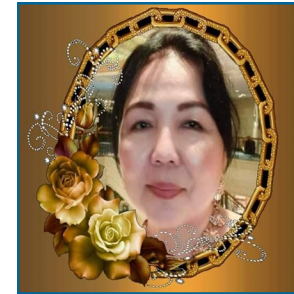
Cultural friendship can change the world.

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Eden Soriano Trinidad

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Taking The Journey Like

In the soaring majestic mountains of life
Black death lurking in hidden canyons, valleys, and plains.
Kept us on long holidays longer than expected,
Regretful, still, we stayed inside our cell.

You came to enshroud me during the twilight of this century
Every day in the sixth hour, you appeared before me
and asked, how's my best friend?

Verily said unto me, "I want to see you bloom like the Alpine of the Alps." There were moments my sparkles eyes would glisten, and you made it twinkle like the million stars in the dark heaven There were nights that babbling brooks trespassed from my tired eyes while you whirled and cuddled me with your grins and jokes. You've been there for me, so many miles away, and yet so near as you waved the bunch of violets and tulips enliven every moment, Moods changed as you sat beside me keeping one's eyes on our monitors, while you nudged me to listen to your favorite songs.

How are you, my friend? It's now my turn to ring the bell,
Whether we celebrate these holidays in our season
Taking the journey like swallows and Avians,
Or, live for this moment and pray that God grants us a boon.

Echo's of the Arabian Nights

(Him)
Unperturbed by the prevailing winds signaling a call to the lovers stargazing in the dark luminous sky, In the seven colors of the Arabian sands reflected the beauty of my beloved while she danced
Silky dark colored hair flowing carelessly Swaying seductively like the shapes of the mound of golden bronzed sands.

(Her)
I don't like to close my eyes now, as
I want to mirror my love
His magnificent body enthralled by the warmth of sun showers, And under the burning "sun offerings"
Unlike the Arabian camels witlessly Hunch over their big thick footpads to the endless thousands feet of sand dunes.

(Her/Him)
Once again unrolling the magic carpet
I ferrel to take another dreamscape with it
I dare not to miss the new dawn of hope
Lonely long roads of strong scented perfumes Blown by the winds towards the exquisite alluring Arabian deserts.
I found no other you...
My life remain as dark as the Arabian nights .

A Woman is Like a Serene River

A woman can look serene and shallow; Like water in a shoreline,
She smiles even when her heart is breaking into pieces.
Never let troubles unmask her and get seen with a broken spirit.
She never let you see a glimpse of her true feelings
and her looks could fool the smartest guy,
Pictures never change
But the woman in there do change;
You don't need to grow money on the garden;
*Many at times, she denied herself of the things her eyes desired
A woman is worth far more than rubies, She gets up before the first light smile.
Her arms are strong like her womb, Impossible is nothing for her.

A woman could please and win the favor of a king,
And the crown as a queen;

She cannot keep silent when relief and deliverance are needed;
As she feels obliged for such a time as this

Whatever petition has found favor with her
A woman cannot bear to see disaster fall on her family.
Like Esther the Queen,
Noble and regal on her crown like a royalty.
A woman doesn't fear the storms for her roots are deeply rooted
She is only afraid of one thing, and that's to lose her diamond ring.

*context Ecclesiastes, Esther and Proverbs 31
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Let's Hug Them In Our Prayers (A Prayer for the Little Afghans)

Let's hug them in our prayers the wailing innocent in fears encircling them sweetly Sending tender kisses unceasingly caressing their unblinking weary eyes.

Let's hug them in our supplication,
Reassuring the cubs with adoration
serenely touching their unguarded emotion, fervently caress in their agitation, and empathy with their affliction.

Let's hug them in our prayers,
They are the purest of souls
Shuddering, they couldn't play gaily with their dolls, Teach them lovingly the ABC's of Hopes,
and the juggling numbers to entrust their cares.

Let's hug them in our prayers, intertwine them in our dreams, in every life's pause and commas, quench their tears and sorrows, cover them with the warm blankets of inextinguishable Hopes.

Let's hug them in our prayers, every second and in every hour, magnified petition to the Almighty in heaven to send the cherubs and the angels to be vigilant and watch them over.

P L E A S E!

Let's hug them in our prayers.

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The Paradoxical of Love and Humanity

That LOVE is the strongest note
that glues the HUMANITY to
come forth, As men and women
with dignity, and be humane
throughout eternity
The blueprint for the human race is
LOVE, “love that passes all understand-
ing” that will regenerate magnificent
grace for mankind and all the human
being.
Entrails of laborious nature of life
Mankind needs love.
Can there be Peace without
love? Can there be love lack-
ing peace?
Discomforts in life draw
out the worst or the best
in human LOVE is the
language of the heart
HUMANITY is the language of LOVE

Cold Drops

Gentle rain like soft tears,
Drizzling like sparkling
sapphire
skidding smoothly down the unexpectant dreamy
eyes The water shed bouncing to life All creatures
extol loud cheers.

Listening to the bereaved noisy sound of your drops,
While I, sipping the hot night flowering jasmine tea to warm me,
Untirelessly enjoying the drip drops
Watching the white butterflies
Elegantly surround the mulberries,
My friend knocking once again,
“Watch the rain and ink your thoughts.”

The sheer enormity turned to a ranting doomsfall,
All the heav’nly faucets freed Ripping off
the blue canvass cascading heavy cloud
waters Begin from the finest stream of
gushing drops downpouring from the
heav’nly abode into the dry faces of land
awakening the brooks, Into the melanchol-
ic that clutch the meadows and the shud-
dering leafless grasses to the escarpments.

Oh, outrageous drops that gives life,
sometimes you also take lives.

Somewhere they needed the drop-
ping like arrows To extinguish the
hell created by men, while some he-
roes dare brave crossing hip high
ocean of flooded tears from blues;
Offering their both hands to the gyp-
sies of this world.

If You Laugh

If you laugh,
It will perturb the
Himalayan bees,
Nook upon the great heights,
So if you
laugh, It
will be off
the wall,
As I see fireballs,
Giving the brightest salutations.

if you laugh,
“The sayings
and riddles of
the wise”
Will be shy.

if you laugh,
You will be more precious
than rubies, like a whirl-
wind, I will be over-
whelmed.

Visible Heavens

From the very distant past Perhaps
the birds have been wondering
why they never really reach be-
yond the sky, They have wings
which are not meant to stride the
entire celestial cosmos.

The deep dark space that is only
meant for things beyond earth's
atmosphere, Beyond constella-
tion of starry nights, the galax-
ies and the mysterious lores.

The whitest and the brightest star that
human eyes untirelessly seeking
“that never fades & never failed to amaze
stargazer lovers in dawn of time”.

From the ancient lovers whose eyes
wondered and captivated by the Sirius,
the closest white star to the sun,
which is beautiful as the natral bernstein.

The winged creatures outdone by the most intelligent

After the Autumns

We are the
winner after
the Autumns
in life, have
blown away
our todays
and almost
our tomor-
rows, For
once, the col-
or of my
world is deep
charcoal of
color dark
smoke of
burning in-
cense.

The Adam's and the Eve's never
knew what is paradise anymore.
To some, watches have stopped; their batteries have ended,
Heads all bowed down as
the days and nights have
been taken cared of social
media platforms.

And then;
Humanity emerged as champions,
Hopes peeping between windows and
curtains, of nights and mornings
That traverse so long and far beyond foreign borders.

No matter what hap-
pened, Our lives are
meant to live well.

Parlance of a Poet

We are a soul tandem that will sprinkle glimpses of truths
upon the great walls of dispassion and disillusioned souls

We are the sun and earth so distant yet so near tandem to enkindle
life black nights follow morning delights How many applauses
our poems offer?
To brim hopes that will
partake sunbeams to the
darkened spirit of human
souls

We are lockdown but not knock-
down believing when we unite we
will stand we are enclosed while
the creatures are free we may nev-
er be what we used to be

But we are tandem of repertoire to en-
shrine then sprinkle candor implore
peaceful coexistence as the heart is the
parlance of a poet.

The Ancient Path

(Real life Experience)

I had seen it with my very eyes, time and time again.
 At first, I was bewildered, next mystified, afterwards astonished.
 So much so that I would purposely rebuff the apparition.
 To ward off the emerging fright to quiet me down.
 But it refused to expire.
 The phantom image would reveal itself as it pleased -
 Any time of the day and wherever I
 might be In the midst of a chore, as I
 enjoyed a tête-à-tête.
 Even when I closed my eyes.
 The sight stayed and stayed and stayed.
 Was I just dreaming?
 But I was wide awake!
 What was it then?
 I kept seeing it.
 I told you I wasn't in deep sleep.
 It was broad daylight.
 I was in the
 kitchen, Perhaps
 in the garden.
 Probably just strolling along.
 There! It was there again!
 Glimpse of meadows saying hi to my eyes.
 So green with a white path in between.
 So distant and so long I couldn't see the end.
 I shook my head and closed my eyes.
 But it kept on flashing again and again.
 The green fields and the white
 path! Staying, dwelling in my
 bamboozled mind Nobody could
 explain what it was.
 Nobody could tell why I was seeing it.
 Then one day, a spiritual man came along.
 He asked if he could bless and pray for me.
 I told him the thing that had long bothered me.

He reached for his bag
 Took out something and lifted it up.
 "My daughter" he called my name
 Showed me what he got.
 Locking his eyes with mine, he asked,
 "Daughter, is this the one you have been seeing so often?"
 "Oh, oh..." I stared at the object
 Gripping the arms of my chair, I uttered
 "OLAM?"
 He said calmly, "You saw a vision, my daughter"
 "OLAM", "is this the one you saw my dear?"
 "OLAM"
 Right then
 and there
 It became
 clear.
 What I have been seeing is
 A vision, indeed, a vision
 A vision I long to see... time and time again.

*The vision flashed in 2006
 Revised February, 2019*

The Hand of Time

Wives cry "you have no time for me".
Moms say "you have no time for our family".
Kids shout out, "you have no time for us".
Self-retorts, "I have no time for me".
Still ~
Perceive, we have all the time in the universe.
Complacent we have time to converse,
Truly we have the time to write long
verses Sadly, our moments on earth are
just short verses.
Time is what we are running after.
But Time never runs out of Time.
We only waste it most of the time?
Thinking we can really buy more time.
And time will never return!
With our joys and laughter, but do they matter?
With success and wealth do you still bother?
Unmindful that time is short, until it's over.

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Autumn's Aftermath

Seemed fall took a decade
Countless leaves have been
blown away and burned on the
blazon fire of day
Crimson wiped the azure sky.
But today is a new day.

Gone are those days were we hid for fear
Unmask your face, and smile my dear,
flaunt the true color of your lips and
cheeks, Which had been mysterious for a
couple of years
Let's venerate those souls now in miseries.

YET, Best tomorrows have come,
Rejoining the past and what we'll become,
Sad Games disinvest in human being
New millionaires bring forth new style
of living A breakthrough for assured
healing.

Human can now breathe like in "Cchahari
" nestled in the lap of the hills Shivapuri.
Determined to replenish the lost energy
From new breezes that bounces off the hills
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October 10, 2021
Of multilingual poetry and can't wait to go for a holiday.

Let Peace Prevail

Heaven is never deaf
Peace is bliss, but
What is the way to Peace?
We have one Earth
One blissful sky
One smiling rainbow
Our home from the day we were born.
So, we keep silent vows
But supplication must be loud
To reach the ears of the heaven
On bended knees hearts in pain
Again, we can only hug them
For not all flowers have sweet scent
Yet, all birds wants to sing freely
As every land has its hymn
Of undying love and dream
To see their seeds to bloom
Where Peace is the KING.
and Humanity reigns as a Queen.

February 27, 2022

Once More with Feelings

A love that sparks through tiny lights
Illumine our hearts and take us away
from the darkest past.

Let the stillness of silence
Bedazzled by our love
Unmindful of the sound of silence
Let the deafening silence
Deafen the world
with the thunderous beating
of two hearts IN LOVE.

Let our hearts twinkle as one
Let me be your melody!
Let me be your thought!
And let the beating of our hearts,
Makes you hear me whisper
"I am yours and You are mine!"

2020

We Could Have Walked Again Like Before

We Could Have Walked Again Like Before,

Nothing matters except you and me
Holding hands while walking
Deeply in love with each other.

We could have walked again like before,

Barefoot on the sand
as the sun bask upon us
While salty and sweet lips touch.

We could have walked again like before,

How happy we were
Like young lovers
We care not if heavens crying or smiling.

We could have walked again like before

We soaked on each other's joys
Till moon smiled upon us
Our love is pure serendipity.

June 22, 2019

Oh, Palm!

She ... offered him a flower...

Her palm excites him surprisingly.
It looks too good for poetry.

He wanted to shower it with kisses
And grab it tenderly.

Her palm drives him crazy
And feel her palm is sultry.

Finds it so lovely,
And wish...their palm to marry.

The palm pine for heaven,
Touch- me not, cheeks burnt shyly.

Oh, Palm!
I want you dearly.

Gorgeous like the flowers that she touches,
That she finds along life's byway.

November 28, 2019

The Voice of the Soul

We are the voice, the hearts,
and hands of every flower in a garden,
The rocks, seas, and mountains beg us
to pen the works of the heavens.

Dried up creeks still longingly await
For the tears to well up
And open the spouts of heavens
And the fusion of rushing cold tears could finally paint the muse

Spend days and nights
being glad about your pens
For gladness is your only true friend
Do not "yield your glory to another.

July 16, 2020

ECHOES OF ARABIAN NIGHTS

(Him)
Unperturbed by the prevailing winds
signaling a call to the lovers
stargazing in the dark luminous sky,
In the seven colors of the Arabian sands
reflected the beauty of my beloved while she danced
Silky dark colored hair flowing carelessly
Swaying seductively like the shapes of the
mound of golden bronzed sands.

(Her)
I don't like to close my eyes now, as
I want to mirror my love
His magnificent body enthralled
by the warmth of sun showers,
And under the burning "sun offerings"
Unlike the Arabian camels sweat less
Hunch over their big thick footpads
to the endless thousands feet of sand dunes.

(Her/Him)
Once again unrolling the magic carpet
I ferrel to take another dreamscape with it
I dare not to miss the new dawn of hope
Lonely long roads of strong scented perfumes
Blown by the winds towards the exquisite
alluring Arabian deserts.
I found no other you...
My life remain as dark as the Arabian nights .

Well-Spring of Living

Springtime comes with a warmth smile after the long Autumn
Where leaves cascade like tears on our cheeks.
Our lives are like flowers that emits sweet smelling fragrant
When doing good to others even in a silent way
It will touch their lives and will thank you in anyway.

Morning Spring fills my all senses with pleasure
Piccolo sound of birdsong match with a harpsichord
From the Himalayas fresh pink blooms of "lilikuras"
Are beaming to all "human living who are now at peace"
At peace with itself, where contentment is accord.

Hues of pansies, and little spring flowers in blooms
Aren't the lilies of the fields more beautiful?
Life is to live, live your life in full
Is it just a dream to reach the peak
on one spring morning and see the heaven's gate?

Many dream to reach its magnificent heights
Shrouded with stratus clouds
Only one bedevil car racer have enjoyed
the ride of a lifetime
to the Heaven's Gate in Tianmen.

O, what a sweet victory as he still enjoy
That ride of a lifetime that no one dares
Life is a series of real ride of challenges
and not like a ride with a horse of Troy,
life can knock as down or lift us up all year round.

May Spring gives birth to a change,
Like "spring of living water flows"
Spring is time for revitalization of life,
Time for planting hope for all living beings
To gain energy to grow a greener world.

May we learn from the past two years
of living under the fear and worries
cause by the pandemic and,
then now how safe the vaccines are
How precious you are as human beings.

Life is beautiful but short,
we cannot survive by ourselves.
We need one another to make a better,
safer place to live in this year
and for the next years to come.

Hoping it will always be as beautiful and inspiring as spring
time...

January 3, 2022

A Night Before Christmas

CHRISTMAS

The happiest season is here again,
shielded faces can't stop us from recapturing,
that brightest star that led to the three wise men,
to find the Christ that was born in Bethlehem.

Heaven and nature sing;
Joy to the World the Lord has come!
Christmas, it's Christmas, time to love!
Humanity is wanting for more love.

Christmas carols and Christmas cheers,
wishing to delight the souls in pain,
Whether it is white or blue Christmas,
Shall we invite and offer them an inn.

My grandma never missed a Christmas,
preparing with great care our favorite sweet rice cakes,
And to her eldest grandchild a new dress
to wear every Christmas program in the church.

We feel Christmas is on when our homes
are embellish with lanterns
sparkling hues surround the Christmas trees
with foods and gifts galore.

Well-wishers as well as our FB friends
Shower us with morning salvos
May we share the love for those who are left behind
by the fallen leaves during this autumn time.

Is Christmas then gone due to the crown?

Not! For, Christmas will always be merry
its spirit imparts steadfastness
and gladdens the dishearten
For Christmas brings the message of Peace, Hope, and Love.

December 20, 2020

The World in My Eyes

as I woke up this morning
lounged in the shade of my windowpane
a chord manifold

my still sleepy drowsy grayish eyes
attentively captured by
the sky, the ocean, and, the mountain

tainted and marred,
reflecting upon its others blueness
sensitive to its sereneness...

white birds playing gaily
amidst towering skyscrapers
wondering how they coexist...

fruition sprung on me
as perceptivity manifested
the silence everywhere...

the world is healing by itself...

that's what deemed upon me,
my eyes still freeze on the sereneness
not craving for anything...

the world is healing by itself
indeed...

March 24, 2020

I Am Poetry

I am poetry
I am the melody
I am the life verse of unity.

I am poetry
Multicolored pearls
unfurling soft twirls and curls.

I am poetry
I intend to iron out the disparity
I weave intending to enhance Creativity.

I am poetry
Dazzle by the drizzling rain
of my ambiguity.

The father of English Poetry,
The father of English Prose,
The father of Romantic Poetry,

King of Sonnets and Classics
and the modern poesis,
Are you angry with me?

As I publish my poems on FB?
When my poetry touches one life,
then my mission in life achieves its vict'ry.

P.S. and, "when I could walk my talk"

April 17, 2020

Your Eyes, My Feet

Your eyes;
Will be my eyes to see the "arc of colors in the sky"
My feet;
Will be your feet to walk you through the path when the war is over.

I will run with your feet to the hills and life's narrow path
And, will bring me to the heights of my dreams ever.

You will see with my eyes the splendor of the rising and
setting of the sun
And marvel at the lovely blossoms of every spring
And the blinding silvery shine of white snow that every winter bring.

I will always be your eyes, my love
And you will forever be my feet.
You will walk with me to the aisle,
And we both witness with my eyes
Rapturous joy in every present guest.

The tiny little steps of our tender fruits
Their precious pearls of laughter and tears
Surround us with delightful noteworthiness.

Our love will see us through the path that I could not walk alone,
And you will find through my eyes every corner of our home.
From our splendid living room to our dainty kitchen
To our lovely nest, to our blossoming Eden.

I could walk beside you in our lifetime
And you can see my love is true
Our commitment is for life that is rare but true.

My eyes will always "look for hundreds of reasons"
not to give up on you,
And your feet will always find a single reason to walk us
through and through.

April 20, 2019

Love Me

Love me like in a love song
Love me like the yellow bells kiss the first droplets of snow
Oh, love me like the nuzzling kittens purr in sweet throes
Love me like there's no tomorrow.

Love me till the sun sleeps
Love me till we turn red with passionate kisses
Love me till we gasp in the moonbeams
Yes, Love me till the music rests.

Love me beneath the silence of our heartbeats
Love me underneath the countless sparkling night stars
And love me even if we are miles apart
Yes, Love will find its way to our hearts.

October 30, 2019

Let There Be Peace

Let There Be Peace even when our hearts are full of strife
Let There Be Peace even when our hearts are full of gripe
Let there be peace and respond with a sweet hello
Even when our heart feels shallow and unhallow
Let There be Peace amid a world that is bleeding,
breaking- tearing apart
Having a full devolution of the heart
Lingering inhumane activity
Clutching our sanity
It's only THROUGH OUR PEACEFUL Words
That will enable to take all the torn hearted and lives we have
To conquer the deepest source that's 'causing the rusting
At the very core of human being
We human are the source of venom spitting
We human are the source of the antidote
for Global Healing
And World Peace.
Let There Be Peace!

2020

Res, Non-Verba

Quack, quack, quack!
Such a duckling that loves to quack
Till their breath and saliva
Will choke them in desperation.
One word is enough for wise reaction
More words create disillusion.

Look at the mirror before you make any conclusion.
You might find a speck as big as your miscalculation.
Oh! Have mercy!
Where is your respect in the profession?
You look down and trample each carnation,
Not knowing they are more precious than your action.
Check your brain system malfunction
The two-faced you have, bleeds discoloration.

Touch me not,
For, I am an apple in God's creation.
Touch me not, or face retribution.

2020

Am I Special?

I run, scream, can't stay still
Mood swings rule my day
Explosive nature is what I display
I'm crazy my peers say.

You call me Special.
Honestly, I don't know how you can.
Reluctantly, I can see why.
Society makes fun of me
And I'm labeled Special
When what everybody mean is -
I am Special.

A crazy kid whose emotion is unstable
Does that make me Special?
That's what you whisper
And in silence I suffer.

Is there a life for someone like me?
With a malady nobody understands.
As I reach my academic ceiling point
I hear I need professional care.
How dare the Society implies
That I can't learn and behave in a normal way.

Yes, I think I'm special, unique in many ways
But my mom loves me just the same.
And, did God in his wisdom make me Special?

April 4, 2019



Sultan Muhammad Razzak

Meeting

To meet with you and me
Was colourful-
Green
Or blue
You're more red
More lively
More colorful
Or such a bluish
Where sorrow is also enjoyable.

Spring wind that whistling the wind
Came up with-
The fallen leaves are also
Singing songs of youth
And fade out to death!

You know, when I was at the foot of the mountain—
In the dreaming span
Rubbing stones and moss
The I drew- a picture of wild deer
That's was interesting looking something-

May be you!
Those eyes!
That body!

Only you- were not a lovely lady...
There was a white cloud
Like a deer.
Like your eyes
Like you.....

Hide

Night knows me
I am known to fragrance of flowers
Those beside of path
I know dust soaked moonlight dew
Pebbles on the way know me
And fireflies of the Bhat bush
Underneath of those
Snakes are playing whole night
Keeping up poisonous hood.

I look on the way if write there wonderful things by foot
signs.

And feel so many love stories got lost along the way,
May come back again-
Maybe as known - or unknown!
I know,
If you go into hiding-
Fireflies of love stories
Also hide themselves
An unknown Bhat bush!

Just remember
Wood burn into ashes
And some more lovely words-
Like one day you were
A firefly Garden to me!

* Bhat—wild bush

I see how many times I have hidden myself
In my inner side-
I kept myself hidden from myself
I ket me hidden from you
I kept me hidden from

River, clouds, moonlit, flowers, birds, sky
And even from the sea...

In my soul,

As many words bloom as flowers
How many flowers bloom by mistake?
How much moon rose by mistake?
How many clouds seasons rained by mistake?
How many times I drowned in water

Sowing so many seeds by mistake..

All ashes left behind after burning
I also kept it a secret
How many words
Like sweet birds
How many seeds they have been eaten
From my dream field-

Apparently the games of life

Hide everything
As if the night is running behind the day
Or day after night!

Wisdom

No one is with me today,
Today is Buddhapurnima-
(Full moon night of Buddha)
Miracle, all the important religious festivals
Together tonight....

So tonight I am alone.
Kahnu, Kalidasa, Khayyam, Shakespeare
No one with me in this solitary momonets....
I know the problem of time calendar
The problem is of civilization to civilization
Seasonal..
Moon..
Sun
All are follow different calendar
I know the problem would never be solved.

That night I was walking on a ruined civilization
Night - The moon is on head
Cool sands at midnight underfoot
Ruined stones randomly spread
I know these stones are of Sumerian civilization
Maybe of a huge palaces-
I stumbled upon a small piece of stone
I hatred with that and fall dawn
And found a curved stone-
I think - in various liquid minerals and oxidation made this
thick-
Its a copper made lamp....

Suddenly my mind say, is it Aladdin's lamp?

Fairy tales have the power to drive you crazy –
I didn't know-before...
I'm become by thousands years old wine

I am rubbing the lamp with another stone
I'm rubbing
I'm rubbing
I'm rubbing
An being provoked how dissatisfied I am -
So many desire of mine still unfulfilled
I want it, I want it, I want them achieve fully..

I'm rubbing
I'm rubbing
I'm rubbing
Suddenly that smoke come out
and turn in to a huge monster
From the thin smoke of lamp and
Occupied its face covered the sky -
It said in a loud voice-what do you want?

I mumbled-
Jinni, Jinni Aladdin's jinni?

Jinni?- ha ha its burst out laughing-
And that fairy tells? -Oh, he was passed away long long ago
He was my.... .

I thought in a few moment it said thousand times
great-great-great-great-grandfather..

Me?

I was trembling and asked
Then who are you

Me?
I am the wisdom
My name is Gyan ...

Courage

(Remembering Poet Benjamin Moloyi)

1.
Did I tell you any story of courage?
Maybe I said,
Maybe I should say something more-
Till my hands are full of some bold stories!

2.
Although in the dark
It seems like a desert
Dark ever Atlantic Ocean
Dark your eyes-

3.
Basically I don't understand
What dark is to me-

4
I have a weird torn shirt
Made of solid darkness -
Hiding there
Lots of myths and legends
Some are adventurous-
Some are about war stories,
Some about emotions,
Some are blurry,
Some sad stories - some happy too,
Some like run to reverse current -
In the darkness of shirt's pocket
There are some feelings I have..
I call it courage
It would be great if you call it that too.

5.
I am not daring to meet you in dark during our affairs
Not considering dareness with you in day light
Dating in Richshaw...
I do not even consider daring
To pull trigger of gun toward someone's chest - in front of you
Even when sitting face to face-

6.
These days it feels like - fascination - grief - sorrow - suffering -
fear
The Cocktail of Emotions -
The Clay Death
Terrible intoxication!
Some people to me-absolutely different!

7.
I also saw your fearful eyes-
You dare not to tell me
And we often tell stories of fear
In the twist of courage
Or one for the story of a tiger
Hope for a beautiful forest-
Or something like a deserted river
I want to flow a story of the moon
But the canal flowing inside the Amazon
The fight goes on to survive -
The fish there have
No dream of finding safe river-
Written on both sides of the coin-
Fight and survive
Otherwise fight and die
Since life is one!

8.
I know you're racist too
Like Cleopatra with Aryan mind
Tomorrow the snake jumps
Spread moonlight on the fragrant rose bed;
Chest full of fear but hangs smile on face-!

9.
Do you remember Aryan women,
You were with me that night.
Midnight in an remote-village of South Africa-
Wild creeper leaves
Designed body with soil colors
A group of people humming in an ancient language
Rounding a man- he was a poet...Benjamin Moloysi

10.
In the Pretoria prison -
The executioners asked Benjamin Moloysi what to eat in the last
room?
He wanted a piece of paper and a pen-
So- it was given-

11.
You and me were watching
Those people humming in an ancient language rounding
Benjamin Moloysi
The poet is reciting in the middle of them.
And he recited loudly to the sky-
"I am proud to be what I am
The storm of oppression will be followed
By the rain of my blood
I am proud to give my life
My one solitary life. "

12.
You didn't know
Prisoner in Pretoria
He was hanged just few years ago!

13.
Aryan woman,
I'm sorry to have this nightmare!

14.
The story of courage often lost in dark....

O Dear

O Dear
My eyes towards the sky..
I am praying all round the time
With tears in my eyes
O Dear,
O Dear,
O Dear..
Give me your hands
Touch on my hands
Hold my hands

I would like them extend
For the peace...

Regardless to all creations
...On this lovely earth....

May be delusions

Maybe delusions Or hallucinations!
Whatever you say.
I do easily accept everything.
But to me the truth is that, everything talks to me.
The sky, the clouds, the sun, the moon, the river, the sea,
The pebbles of the path, the weeds on the side of the path,
All the flowers - from birds to ants.

The day I gave you a rose - and some petals - some writing –
You didn't know why I not put them to your hands?
Your toes said me - Never ever gave them a love letter.
So, I put my writing with roses on your toes.
What happened that day - my mind was for some flowers –
The flowers on the side of the road raised their necks and told me
to tear me –
I want to sacrifice myself for your love.
I said No, you live on,
And walking around kilometer
To buy dead roses and some ruined petals from the dead flowers
market.
I was saying to the grass flower my darlings- live longer,
Let stars of sky see you more days –
Sing more songs in moonlit night-
Yes fly more bees around you.
And you say love - it starts from sacrifices. You can't believe it?

I've told you before - I suffer from delusions and hallucinations.
If you call me mentally ill, I will accept it outright.
Yes, I have heard of Apala, Gosha, Amrapali,
And ancient Greek, Assyrian, Sumerian women;
And there are so many stories-

How easily gave poison to their lover's mouth
and punch dagger in back looking eay to eye of lover staring
with lovely eyes.

That doesn't mean I don't love you.

Because I love you –

I'm not afraid of poison –

I'm not afraid of daggers.

As I told you before,

I suffer from delusions or hallucinations.

Everyone talks to me.

Dead, shredded petals too...

Look at my love sign-

Look how much I'm a love-

Look how much I can love-

Look how crazy I am in your love-

Look, nothing is greater to me than you.

Not sky- no moon night-

Not rainy season-

Not a rose –

Or a whole spring-

Or my nature-where I do live

Or my faith-

Or may be my God

Fairy Tale

You drowned in strange thoughts!

You say, there was a group of people,

In an unknown time span.

They were childish and innocent

They lived on fruits on mother earth!

They became poet seeing flowers

They became poet seeing the rivers

They became poet seeing moon

They became poet seeing clouds

They became poet seeing sea

They became poet in nights

They became poet seeing the rain!

They thought, in the chest has a rose

Whose scent is called love,

That is the unknown love between breath-in and breath-out

This is called l ife!

There was only melody in life

They were like fairy-tale.

On the mother earth...

Free of violence conflict and war...

Team of peaceful epic people!

Rose Smelled

Kanhu asks me,
Do you know the name of this river?
No, but if the name is flooded moonlight,
Or rose-scented;
I will not be surprised!
Kanhu says,
The name of this river is Beauty- but it may be,
Rose smelled river!
Look at that path of time,
On that rugged rocky hill,
The dew gathers drop by drop
Dripped with silver moonlight and flows together-
Love, moonlight and magical words
In every drop of water-
I say- Kanhu, I am fascinated;
Kahn laughs and says pretty much-
Let's walk along the magic rivers eye line!
As we go, I see the moon is awake in the sky,
The moonlight has sunk,
The rose-scented river is like a stinking swamp,
When that has changed in the night's time span!
Moonlight-
Kanhu just wiped off from the bridge,
I am then alone near a ruined bridge
On the bank of a dead river-
I see there-
Written on a broken folded signboard
Name of the river: Rose Smelled

Pen

1.
Staying with monks is really hard;
I'm talking about Kanhu,
When he didn't talk to me,
But I understood that I live around him,
Then I would call him 'unseen'!
Now he kindly appears - speak to me.

Today, Kanhu broke his meditation in the moonlight,
He started walking along the river bank.
I say where do you go?
He says- someone is calling me-

I know he call by night-
Often my parents would rescue me
I was got by night in sleep!

I follow him,
He stopped at a sudden on the way;
A bird's feather picked up from the ground!
It may be off from a huge wild duck-
Kanhu holds it by two fingers,
Hands extended towards the moon-
And said 'This is a pen'-
I looked at the opposite side of the moon-
A huge pen of a bird feather!
For murderers and warlords-

2.
I shouted suddenly?
Kanhua,
I have a huge complaints about the pen
The pen has brokered forever,
For the Killers...fighters ...
History is written, is being written and will be written-
For murderers and warlords-
3.
My screams and protests
Only heard by myself..

Water

I don't know
How many cubic feet of water is there in the world?
How many cubic meters of water are there in the clouds?
How much cubic drops of water are there in human eyes?

I don't know there is ice at the pole
Hold how much water
I don't know the news from the sky
No one was caught alive by the
Hubble telescope -as
Water planet!
But the sky is more beautiful than Van Gogh's paintings
But very straight forward to me-
What is nature?
If anyone asks, I will say - she
If cloud asks a question, I will say - she

If you ask what is river, I will reply- you
If the sunrise, the moon asks
And ask me moonlit
The answer is the same-
If you ask you - I will reply - you
You are the water
You are the cloud
You are ice
You are the river
And you are the sea...

Towards my inner at night
I looked-
The moon rises in a barren desert
And dew all night long
Downing like tears

I saw the flowers bloom
I have seen to fall with tears
I have seen clouds evaporate into the sea
I see them falling
And the day I was born
I see my mother's crying
In the success of giving birth
I cried out as I can
You people laughed in high volume
And said in a sweet voice
Ah- how many tears in the poor man's eyes!
And I know
You preserved some water in your soul
For the last word my life poem
And me too for you....

Joan of Arc

Kakunus is the bird of my fairy tale.
One night,
In the moonlight;
There were no clouds in the sky;
The stars were like new!
I was flying with her- the bird,
She was telling a story-
And I was listening!
Kakunus was saying
You know,
The civilization of the world is written in a horrible history!

Did you forget
Maid of Orleans?
I say-
Why about her all of a sudden in 2022?
Kakunus says-
Because you people-human-being
Is a killer of motherhood!

You can forget about her,
If you want to forget humanity,
You can forget her!
If you want to forget free breath,
If you want to forget the open song,
If you want to forget the moonlight,
If you want to forget about winter snow,
If you want to forget a river,
If you want to forget sea ,
If you want to forget the fragrance of spring,
Forget marginalized people -
Forget the song of humanity!

Yes, that shepherd girl,
Like the birds of the air towards long way,
Believing on the wings,
Leaving the tiredness of the body
Flew away
On believe on mind!
She, who is running with open sword
On the back of an stormy horse-
In the sea cyclone, on the hood of waves,
For oppression and oppressed people-
Her soul cried for!

Looking at the sheep in the field,
Who told him,
Oh maid of Orleans,
Wake up mom
Look at your children-
Wake up!
Who said, who called
Who is that God?

God, huh-foretells forever;
And for the oppressed people
Oppressed people lead a war!

And there is the party of the biblical tyrants,
In the dark pathways of the holly Books,
Formulated the trap- spreading the thorns of killing,
Or the poison of deadly snakes,
Or the altar of burning alive,
Or gallows,
Or the barrel of a bullet-filled gun.

Heroine Joan of Arc!
Maid of Orleans -
In the end getting the witch title
And killed brutally on the altar of fire-
In the hands of ruthless killers-
Oh my god,
Where do you hide away with prophecy?
For ages?
And people wrote horrible history-
In the name of civilization!

Night of Nightmare

Kahnu is silent for a long time,
I'm silent too!
Kahnu asked,
How was your yesterday night?

I replied-
Sweet sour and acidic!
Sometime cloudy,
Sometime moonlight,
Sometime sleepless
Sometime in sleep
Some time with sweet dreams,
Some time with nightmare,
Some time reading on memory of beloved,
Some time with fragrance of roses,
Sometime with smell of gunpowder;
These are, all my night pass over with!

Kahnu says-
Any poems of humanity?
Haven't heard in side?
Doesn't your heart listen-?
Lines of lovely words floats in moonlight?

I say-
Could not be submerged moonlit,
No any verse come floating, but-
Sleepless eyes of sorrow make me cry!

How long have people not looked on mirror,
The chest of love has become rocky,
Their hard chin doesn't recite poems,
They left the pen and took the gun in hands!

Bombers are flying in the night sky-
And dreams of an innocent poet has broken!

The sky

Kahnu asked me-
Are you happy with your name?
I said-
If only my name meant that
"Embrace the sky"
I would be happy.
Because my feet are just
On earth - and all in the sky -
But yes, I'm close to the ground-
Most grateful,
It finally puts me in that bosom-
My pride-
My sense of nobility-
Dear friends preserved in my memory-
Whose words are on my tree of life
Page-by-page...
You know, Kahnu...
Never,
I could not tell about them!
And I think my mind is..
Like the sky - but they are like stars!

Actually life...
Dew on a grass..
Which dries in the sun-
Or luckily falls to the ground-
It mixes with the soil -
But the story of abolish in the ground is big!

When?

You know, people write words;
Step by step on the way;
The window of desire is open,
The chest is full of thirst!
The clouds fly away in the spring breeze,
So boat hopes flows in the river of eyes
Dreams fall like leaves, but hope- if the flowers bloom!

When you made a mistake, you say something wrong-

When did this flower bloom in my mind by mistake!
When did the moon rise in the sky by mistake
When I was by mistake beloved of fragrance!

When When? I forgot everything-

Observation

Didn't you see -
A lonely sky without clouds
And what do you like to sow there?
Any jealousy bullets or a poem?

Didn't you see
Wild shrubs in the spring
Where there are many flowers
No bullet has ever bloomed !

Have you ever seen
Flowering sweet fragrance,
Where there never smelled of gunpowder!
Didn't sea water tell you,
I will be the ink of poetry.

Garland of wild ducks on flying said
We will leave the feathers
To make a pen for poetry-
In the desert of your violence and jealous-

Write down the poems of river
Write a sky full of moonlight
Where the shadow of war and mourning
Have disappeared a long time ago
Now just lovely flowers and fragranced lives..

Spring

Mirror, mirror, mirror,
My beloved magical mirror-
Tell me who is stunning this spring?
You know,
I wish this spring,
Becomes more attractive,
Leaving all the springs of the past behind,
My desire is to,
Blossom to be a new flower,
In a new paradise-
To sprout as new leaves,
Filling the chest with a new aroma,
Spread in love,
In this world - in every spring,
Tell my favorite fairytale mirror,
Who is the most beautiful in the world?
Mirror, are you still sleeping in the winter?
No dear,
There is no winter sleep for the mirror-
Day and night, summer, rain, winter, spring,
I'm awake!
I know you're fine-
You are the best in your world!
Full moon of spring awake at night-
Crazy honeybee in the flower garden,
The love story of the colorful clouds in your sky.
But I have been feeling very bad since last night.

Last night, a one night flower,
Which blossomed at the beginning of the night-
In the color of the night,
There was sweetness in my chest,
That's why affection called out,
The unknown honeybee of the night came to it,
Drank all love with honey and went away.
In that soft foggy night,
The melody of death started to sing,
And she started downing to earth,
That moment, like you
It asked me..
Mirror, Mirror, Mirror,
My beloved magical mirror-
Who is the most beautiful today this spring?
Before hearing my answer,
Petals of that flower fell on earth,
Of that unknown little flower in an unknown night!

Mirror

In the desert,
I am walking alone in the shadows of the mountains
I do not know any destination!
The bohemian mind knows -
Where it stops.
The body of this blood flesh-
And we all know,
The story of the captivity of the mind.

Freedom of mind from geography of body does not match even
today.
There was a fight, there is a fight, the fight will continue!

I got an oasis-
Something sparkled in the bushes next to it
A piece of smooth stone equal to the palm of my hand-
So smooth, that my blurry picture can be seen..

I soaked it in the oasis water-
I looked in the shining mirror.
What a surprise -!
Have I become a wild man?
Why-when-how?

END

Thanks for Your Patience Reading